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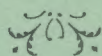
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Our Church in Canada

IV.

OUR CHURCH IN  
RUPERT'S LAND

BERTAL HEENEY



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THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN CANADA  
The Church House, 604 Jarvis Street  
TORONTO

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# Our Church in Canada

## A SERIES OF SKETCHES OF ITS HISTORY AND MISSION

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These sketches were written for the use of the clergy and others in giving Lenten addresses on the story of our beloved spiritual Mother, the Church of England in Canada. It is suggested that wherever possible some historical facts should be added by the lecturer on the history of the parish in which the lectures are given.

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"Look at the generations of old, and see;  
Did ever any trust in the Lord, and was confounded?  
Or did any abide in his fear, and was forsaken?  
Or whom did he ever despise, that called upon him?"

*Ecclesiasticus II:10*

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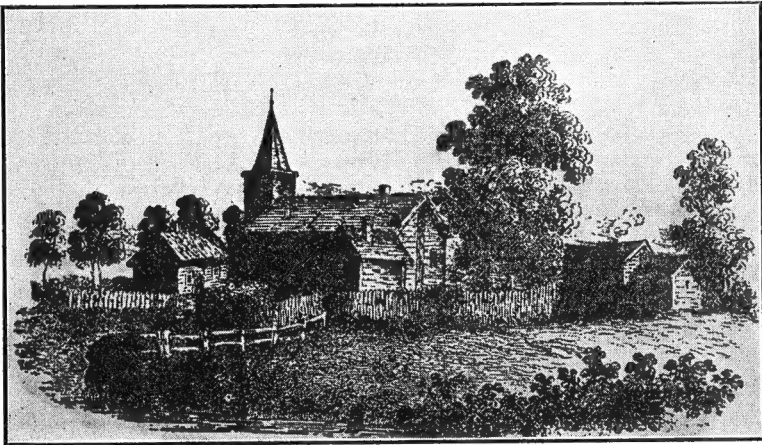
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*The first Anglican Clergyman in Western  
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OUR FIRST CHURCH IN WESTERN CANADA  
*(from John West's Journal).*

# OUR CHURCH IN CANADA

## IV.

### Our Church in Rupert's Land

*By*

WM. BERTAL HEENEY, D.D.

Rector of St. Luke's Church, Winnipeg, Honorary Canon of St. John's Cathedral, author of "John West" and "The Founding of Rupert's Land", Editor of "Leaders of the Canadian Church" and "What Our Church Stands For", etc.

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**F**ORT DOUGLAS on the Red River where the work began was a little group of wooden buildings with a palisade of oak logs standing round about them. It stood at the bend of the stream, thus affording an extended view both up and down the river. It was not one of the oldest posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, nor was it classed among the most important for trade. Nevertheless it was the centre, the heart of what life there was in the region where the Red River and the Assiniboine meet. It was the residence of the *chargé d'affaires*, and the place where stores were kept and furs traded for them; the mail boats came hither from Montreal bearing the slow travelling news of the world then so remote; the fur canoes paddled to it from Brandon House and Qu'Appelle down the rapidly flowing Assiniboine; and here they drew up to unload and load again by the water's edge.

Around this interesting centre there were scattered dwellings of rough structure, mere huts indeed: "In vain did I look", writes one, "for a cluster of cottages, where the hum of a small population at least might be heard as in a village". And along the margin of the river both down and up and beyond it as well, he who walked abroad beheld the same unattractive houses where men and their families dwelt.

**THE POPULATION**—"As to the inhabitants, there was a variety of races and many degrees of difference in intelligence and in the still higher things of the ethical and spiritual life."

"First may be mentioned the active officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, often men of great ability and not wholly ignorant of the social customs of the Old Land. And then the Red River was the favourite resort for the retired servants of the great Company."

Next in importance were Lord Selkirk's Highland men who excelled in determination, and their patient endurance was heroic.

"Other elements of importance in the white population were some French-Canadians, descendants of the venturesome sons of the old Province of Quebec, who from the days of La Verendrye explored the forest and the treeless plains of the West, and have left enduring memories in names which still adhere to many places.

Another class was German in origin. And at a later date came in some Swiss immigrants, artisans for the most part, who helped to give variety and romance to the colony during their short residence in the place."

The Community was, therefore, quite cosmopolitan a hundred and thirty years ago, as it is to-day.

"Social conditions at the time were in many ways as bad as they could be. The background is dark—it is the savage life, not without its nobler elements indeed, but lacking the power if not the will to gain freedom and control. The cruel man, the suffering woman, the neglected child, was everywhere. The Indians did not cultivate the soil, though it was exceedingly rich and vast in extent. Consequently they had neither settled abode nor substantial dwellings, nor regular and abundant supply of food. Hunting was the only source of physical existence, hence they must needs wander, suffer cold, go hungry, and even starve to death. Warfare on the slightest provocation aggravated the suffering of the weaker ones among them as much as it delighted the young fighting men. Vengeance was the reigning law and scalping the typical treatment meted out to captured enemies."

"Marriage was ignored on the part of many of the white employees of the Hudson's Bay Company; in fact it was impossible. Hence it is not to be wondered at that European men lived freely with Indian women. "When a female is taken by them, she is obtained from the lodge as an inmate of the Fort, for the prime of her days generally." The woman was frequently deserted when years were creeping on, or when her white husband moved to another scene of occupation. No course was then open to her but to form if possible another temporary alliance or return to her tribe, while her half-breed children were left in utmost neglect of body, mind and soul."

"Such were the circumstances of human life at the Red River, when the transforming truth of the Gospel was introduced."

JOHN WEST—"In the spacious study of Bishop's Court, Winnipeg, there hangs on the wall opposite the Archbishop's desk, the portrait of a young man with a poetic countenance: it is the picture of the Rev. John West, the forerunner of that long line of teachers and preachers who for a hundred years have lived for the spreading of the knowledge of Christ among the races of the great central provinces of Canada.

Mr. West was not a stalwart man, as I should judge; indeed he lacked every appearance of ruggedness. Nor was he the long-bearded, prophetic-looking missionary so typical of Rupert's Land in after years; on the contrary, he was clean shaven, and wore his heavy brown hair low down upon his forehead and about his ears. His great eyes stood well apart, were light brown in colour, and had plenty of dream and of vision in them. His goodly lips were tightly set, and yet seemed ready for smiling. The chin was broad and protruding, and the jaw unusually long and firm; nevertheless, the expression of the face was one of feminine tenderness and spiritual discernment.

It would be interesting to have minute knowledge of how the attention of the Hudson's Bay Company was directed to Mr. West, as one fitted for its newly-created chaplaincy, but specific information has not come to hand and one forbears to speculate. The important thing is that



the choice was well made, for Mr. West was both highly qualified and ready because he had acquired a definite interest in the native races of North America. It is apparent that he had read widely in missionary literature, and was possessed of specific information concerning the aborigines of this continent and the efforts being put forth on their behalf. Indeed, it was because he saw in the chaplaincy a vantage ground from which to share in the work of ministering Christ to the neglected Indians, that he was driven to his decision.

He was a man of forty-five at the time; the age of pure adventure had therefore gone, and the resolve was on that account exceedingly noble and most lucidly Christian. Moreover, he had about him a home of rare attractiveness—a wife of the highest Christian character, possessing also unusual social and literary gifts, and a family of three children passing through the impressionable and fascinating period of infancy and early school days. It meant leaving them for several years, at best, going on a most perilous journey into the northern ocean, and dwelling in a land where savagery was still unchecked; clearly it might be for more than several years. No human experience is more exalted and more mysterious than his at this moment. The love of Christ both intensified and heightened his human affection, and yet demanded the leaving of those on whom it was so freely bestowed. The decision was made, however, and on the twenty-seventh of May, 1820, this "Called Apostle of Rupert's Land", stood on the deck of the brave little sailing ship *Eddystone* waving adieu to everything he held dear in this world. I doubt if any soul was ever moved by the love of Christ more purely. On October 14th, he came to his journey's end, at Red River, and leaving the boat, he ascended the bank and entered through the gate into Fort Douglas.

The following day in one of the rooms of the Fort, the Servants of the Company were assembled for Divine Worship. This was the beginning of those regular Christian Services, which, thank God, have ever since risen in prayer and praise from the people of this land. It is not to be wondered at that tears flowed down the cheeks of strong men, on hearing in this wilderness, the once familiar services of the Church of their Mother Land. This rectangular Fort on the river bank, set about with its palisade of pointed oak logs, was the only Church west of the Red River for many months, and the spot on which it stood should ever be dear to the hearts of Churchmen."

The Rev. John West was a lonely figure that day on the Western Prairie: there was not a church nor a clerical brother on the vast plains, in the Sub-arctic, or on the slopes of British Columbia to the shores of the Pacific Ocean. But Mr. West's coming was soon followed by other faithful men, several of whom we shall glance at in passing.

**WILLIAM COCHRANE**—Those who are familiar with the picture of Benjamin Franklin may imagine the appearance of William Cochrane who joined the staff at Red River in 1826. A man of giant stature, clean shaven, and with long flowing hair. It is not a little humorous to recall that he rode a small white nag up and down the banks of the Red River; and often, we are told went singing as he travelled, and curiously enough there remains, to this day, opposite the gate of St. Clement's Church yard, a stump of oak, to which he used to tether his horse during divine service. The stump is known in the locality as the minister's oak.

Cochrane did not follow immediately on the retirement of John West. But his personality is so outstanding, his impression on the community so distinct, his influence so widespread, and lasting, that we dare not pass him over in this brief narrative of the Founders of Rupert's Land.

He was a man of great physical strength, as we might expect, knowing his build and large stature; and many are the stories told of how he used this strength of his, Samson-like, for the furthering of the work of God. This, however, was not the power by which he worked and still lives. He was a great man of God, which meant that all his faculties were devoted to the thing for which he came, the building of the Kingdom of Christ on the Red River. We have it from aged people who heard him that his ability as a preacher was quite unusual. Some utterances of his remain, which show that he spared not the lash, but applied it freely to white man and native alike. Strength of body and of preaching were not his only marks; he was an untiring worker; tilling the soil, teaching the young and old, he wrought early and late.

In particular he was a great builder of Churches. It is not a little interesting that the first Church with which his name is associated was commenced and finished just one hundred years ago. It was a wooden structure and was soon to be rendered insufficient for his congregation, so rapidly did the Indians respond to the appeal of the Gospel, and consequently a new and very much larger building was undertaken. It was of stone quarried from the banks of the Red River. The master builder was Cochrane himself. It still remains high on the river's bank—the chief ecclesiastical monument of our Church remaining from the days of the great missionaries. Cochrane built many other Churches, some of which remain to this day, but none are so large or so impressive as St. Andrew's.

It is appropriate, therefore, that the long, low stone monument bearing the name of Archdeacon Cochrane should be found near the entrance of St. Andrew's where the passers-by may be reminded that beneath it lie the mortal remains of one of the greatest missionaries of all time.

**HENRY BUDD**—We shall now look far west of Fort Douglas, to where another unique Servant of God was at work.

The Red is a slow moving river—the Saskatchewan is a swift one—hence its name. There is a town on the Saskatchewan which has recently come into prominence as a mining centre: many set out from it on their way to the Sheritt Gordon or the Flin Flon. It is also the southern terminus of the Hudson's Bay Railway, and the centre of the constituency which has more than once elected the Premier of Manitoba.

But long before it had any of these distinctions it was a Mission Station of our Church among the Indians. Few people are aware of this honour and fewer still know that the founder of Church work there was himself a native, and the first one to be ordained to the sacred ministry of all the native tribes of the west. The name of the town is Le Pas, and the name of the servant of Christ, who first spoke His name there, is Henry Budd.

When John West arrived at Fort Douglas he had three little boys with him, Indian lads, picked up on his voyage inland. One of these he named Henry Budd, after an old friend in England. The founder of



Christ's work on the Saskatchewan was this boy, Henry Budd, now grown to manhood, but not yet ordained. And yet as is always the case, the first streaks of dawn had reached the place e'er Budd came with fuller light. The story of that dawn is fascinating.

"When Mr. West first arrived at the Red River Settlement, the news was carried far and wide, and the Indians at Cumberland heard of him. They were told that a man had arrived, different from any other white man that they had ever seen. He had not come to trade furs, but he had a book which it was said contained the words of Kissay Munito, The Great Spirit. It was springtime and the Indians were assembled, celebrating one of their annual feasts. They discussed the news and they decided that it would be good to hear the words of the Great Munito, so they deputed three young men, lately married, to go with their wives to the Red River, spend a winter there, learn all they could, and return the next spring to report what they had heard. The mission was carried out and in due time, in the early summer of the next year, the messengers returned. The Indians were again assembled observing their heathen festival. The young men told what they had heard from the mouth of the white man who had the Great Book. When they had told their story, White Bear, the Chief, spoke and said: 'If what we have heard is true, we are wrong in our way of serving Munito. I must hear more of these words, I will go myself to hear God's Word.' Then he took his drum and medicine bag and handed them to one of the leading men and said: 'Take care of these. If I believe what I hear from the Book, I will not come back, and I shall not want these things any more. If I do not believe, I will come back and take them again. He never came back.'"

It was in 1840 that this boy, Henry Budd, began his work on the Saskatchewan. It was the first purely Indian work undertaken by our Church. And so successful were Budd's efforts under God, that in two years the Rev. John Smithurst was sent out from the Red River and baptized eighty-five converts to the faith. It was not until Budd had worked there for eight years longer as a layman, that he was admitted to the Diaconate. God granted him twenty-five years more of service and the privilege of founding many other Missions and then He called him, "while still in the full vigour of life—to his Eternal Rest." As to the value of the work which he had done and the love accorded him by the Indians, let me quote the words of one who was himself a great and honoured Missionary. "I remarked to an elderly Christian Indian, 'You must have been sorry when Mr. Budd was taken away?' 'Sorry,' said the man, 'does not express what we felt. My own father died some years ago, but when Mr. Budd died I felt for the first time what it meant to be an orphan.'"

"Henry Budd's work ended in 1875, and on the 5th of April of that year, he was laid to rest among the people whom he had brought to the knowledge of the true God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent."

**THOMAS VINCENT**—We turn now for a moment to another region and another native son whose worth in the Cause only Christ fully knows.

The sea comes far inland in our north country; it is always very salty and can be very cold along James Bay. Few think of Ontario as a Mari-

time Province, but it is; and some day there will be great doings along its shore—railways and ships will meet. There will be motor roads to the salt water, and great hotels for tourists, there by the sea. The vast cities of the centre west will send their children to get the sea breezes of the Hudson's Bay and James' Bay. The curious tourists will be shown a grave in the little Churchyard at Moose: it is the grave of Thomas Vincent, the only man I know who translated Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* into the language of our Cree Indians.

One day there was a group of men working at a building on the east side of the Bay. Bishop Horden was among them, and took special note of a young man by a carpenter's bench. He impressed the Bishop as a likely student for his Training School at Moose. His name was John Alexander Mackay. Thus Vincent and Mackay met, studied, worked together and caught the missionary spirit of the great Bishop. Vincent translated *Pilgrim's Progress* into the Cree Language, John A. Mackay did likewise with the whole Bible. And are there Churchmen who do not believe in missions or in miracles?

Vincent spent forty years in the missionary work, mostly about Albany. Toward the close of his life he wrote:—"I realize as never before how gracious God has been to allow me to be one of the too few to carry the glorious message of salvation to precious souls." No doubt he was thinking of the Churches in the Albany district and the ordained clergymen and the native teachers, and the thousands of native Christians—the fruits of his own self-sacrifice.

One cold morning in January, 1907, a dog team was hurrying along the snowy, icy shore of James Bay, between Albany and Moose. The sled bore a human body—it was the body of Vincent. A little company of Indians were taking it across one hundred miles of ice and snow to the little graveyard at Moose: it is there to this day, by the side of his faithful wife.

**A GREAT LAYMAN**—While the Church was thus spreading out in many directions, another event was taking place, as by God's appointment; it rendered possible the setting up of the Diocese of Rupert's Land. Mr. Hargrave states it in the following paragraph:—

"In 1838 the late James Leith, Esq., a Chief Factor in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, bequeathed a sum of about £12,000, to be expended for the benefit of Indian Missions in Rupert's Land. Mr. Leith's family disputed the bequest with his executors, and the result was a process of litigation closed in 1849 by Lord Langdale, then Master of the Rolls. His Lordship's decision was partly based on an offer voluntarily made by the Hudson's Bay Company proposing that should the sum in dispute be set apart for the purpose of endowing a Bishopric in Rupert's Land, the Company would add to the interest thereof, an annual sum of three hundred pounds sterling, thus rendering the income of the See about £700 per annum."

Thus "to the Hudson's Bay Company, along with this bequest, we are solely indebted for the financial basis of the Bishopric." And we may add for hospitality without stint, for kindnesses innumerable. Indeed it may well be doubted if without the Hudson's Bay Company our Church would ever have gained a foothold in this country. I am glad to have an opportunity of making this acknowledgment.

**THE FIRST BISHOP**—So there were missionaries and missions in many directions, and now the money for the Bishopric. And next the Diocese itself was legally set up by royal Letters Patent; but there was no chief pastor. Bishop George J. Mountain had made a Pauline visit to the Red River stations in 1844, the story of which is one of the most picturesque in Canadian Church History. The reception given him was one long outburst of enthusiasm: "From the Indian Settlement, it was a triumphal procession for the Bishop to the Lower Church, then to the Middle Church, and so on to the Upper Church: flocks of Indian children, crowds of native men and women, witnessing to the converting power of the Gospel of Christ; Churches overflowing with officials and employees of the great Company and with hardy Scotch Settlers, who, by their sturdy lives, were doing here on the Red River, a work for king and country, only equalled by that of the Loyalists in Old Canada. No prince ever received in the name of his sovereign, a more stirring welcome than did the Bishop of Quebec, on his visit to the Red River, in the Name of the Lord."

And his visitation had permanent results as well: they are best stated in the language of the first Bishop of Rupert's Land in a letter to Bishop Mountain. It runs as follows:—"The Diocese owes so deep a debt of gratitude to your Lordship for its formation, and for the interest with which it is regarded by the Church at large, that one of my first desires on my arrival, has been to write to tender my thanks for all that you were enabled to do in 1844, and for that account of the condition of the people which drew the attention of the Christian World to the necessity of a resident Bishop . . . It was from (your) simple and forcible statements that I felt so interested in the condition and prospects of the Indian that I at last determined to accept the call to the Bishopric."

Thus the founding of the Diocese and the calling of the Bishop are both traced to their source in the visit and in the appeal of George Jehoshaphat Mountain. It must never be forgotten, however, that the visit of Bishop Mountain was concurred in and the expense of it borne by that great Society, the Church Missionary Society, to which the Church in this Diocese owes its very existence, if not its origin.

Of Bishop Anderson's work as a whole we have no space here to write, but one phase of it, however, thrusts itself upon us for mention, at this juncture. It was of first importance in his mind, and can never be less than first in ours. I refer to his work for education. He found a very good school already established here on his arrival. It had been conducted for some years by the Rev. John McCallum, who strangely enough died on the very day Bishop Anderson reached the Red River. At the request of the dying master, the headship was assumed by the Bishop himself. The name St. John's was given to it, and the motto was adopted for it "In Thy light shall we see light."

The very existence of this Institution, which from Bishop Anderson's day until now has been a well of water for the Church and Nation, is now threatened through the loss of its endowments. I pray that the Churchmen in Canada through lack of generosity may not compel the closure of its doors.

We have already much evidence to prove that Churchmen of the East, in this crisis, are filled with the spirit of venture and sacrifice which

urged the first man who bore the title, Bishop of Montreal, to the help of the Church by the Red River, nearly a century ago!

Of the charm and ability of Bishop Anderson we may quote from the recently published book "*What our Church Stands For*":—"Contrasting, in one particular, the two Bishops whose lives touch each other in the founding of Rupert's Land, one might say:— every utterance of Bishop Mountain was eloquent; and in great moments his words glowed like coals from off the Altar. Bishop Anderson had no eloquence—his addresses are ponderous and often dull; but his prayers must have been those of a man who had immediate knowledge of God. One is reminded, in this characteristic, of the great Archbishop of Montreal (Dr. Bond). Though one often heard him in classroom and pulpit, one remembers little of what he said—eloquence was not native to him. One will never forget, however, his family prayers—like those of Bishop Anderson, so often extemporary. When he knelt down in our midst and said: 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His Holy Name, the very heavens opened.'"

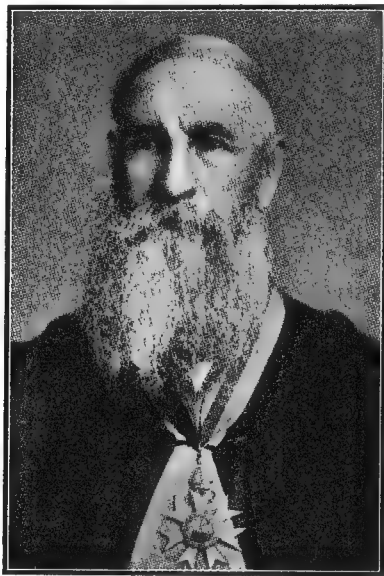
"As a man Bishop Anderson was strikingly handsome, particularly in his early days on the Red River, having the features of the well-bred, the mind of the scholar, the manner of the true gentleman, the heart of the missionary, the self-forgetfulness of the Christian; without ruggedness, yet quietly persistent in the ways of the Cross; with many a defect of character no doubt, and lacking many a quality we might have looked for in one who held his position and was given his opportunity for the Church; but of defects, we have no heart to write or speak in this place. Rather we shall recall the great Apostle's utterance—'I judge not mine own self'—the Day of the Lord will declare it—of what worth is the life each of us has lived, of what value the work each of us has done. Let us only remember, that to this man, this strikingly gentle man, was given, in the providence of God, something like distinction for all time to come, in that he was made sole overseer in those primitive days, and the first one, of a region now divided into twelve vast Dioceses of the modern Church, all bent we trust, on spreading, as the first Bishop did, the message of the eternal Christ—crucified, yet alive forevermore!"

**BISHOP MACHRAY**—A very different type of man was now moved into the position left vacant by Bishop Anderson. In every way he seems to have been fitted for the task assigned him. Perhaps nothing in the study of history gives greater confidence than the way in which the man and the hour meet each other. Looking back from this distance it would be difficult for an impartial observer to imagine a personality more suited to a task, or task better suited to a personality. Robert Machray, second Bishop of Rupert's Land was surely called by the Spirit of the Church to the control and supervision of her affairs on the prairies; and he came in 1865, a man truly great, measured by almost any standard. It has been written by the Rev. Robert C. Johnstone, LL.D., himself a Scotsman, a man of letters, and a gentleman of fine scholarly attainments;—

"Robert Machray stands alone amid a galaxy of leaders, of whom any Church might well be proud. He has left behind him memories that will never fade, while there remain among us any of his confrères; and the influence of his wonderful life upon Western Canada will be felt long



THE RT. REV. DAVID ANDERSON, D.D.  
*First Bishop of Rupert's Land.*



THE MOST REV. ROBERT MACHRAY, D.D.  
*Second Bishop of Rupert's Land and First  
Primate of All Canada.*

after the last of those who knew him has passed to his rest. He was in the truest sense of the word a great man; and, while all must recognize his wide and accurate scholarship, his outstanding leadership, and his wise statesmanship, the real source of his greatness lay in his strong and pure manhood. He was indeed 'un preux chevalier, sans peur et sans reproche'."

In this brief account of things in the West, our concern, however, with Bishop Machray is chiefly as statesman. He literally changed the ecclesiastical map of Western Canada. According to his plan, it was decided to divide the vast district comprising more than half of all Canada, into four separate dioceses. He went to England, set the proposal before the Archbishop of Canterbury and the C.M.S., and it was concurred in by both.

"The reduced Diocese of Rupert's Land would comprise the new province of Manitoba and some adjacent districts; the coasts and environs of Hudson's Bay would be for the Diocese of Moosonee; the vast plains of Saskatchewan, stretching westward to the Rocky Mountains, the Diocese of Saskatchewan; and the whole of the enormous territories watered by the Athabasca and Mackenzie Rivers, and such part of the Yukon basin as was within British Territory, the Diocese of Athabasca."

We may not follow in detail the development of the Church in these several regions, much less are we free to trace the sub-division of them. One might perhaps compare the growth of the Church in Rupert's Land to the growth of a vigorous tree with its spreading branches, and we shall not hesitate as Churchmen, to add, that for us, and so we believe for the Nation it might be designated the growth of the Tree of Life.

Having spoken of Vincent of Albany and Moose, we must pass by in reverent silence that great man of God, Bishop Horden, who was the first to be appointed to the Diocese of Moosonee, one of the sub-divisions of Rupert's Land, above mentioned. We must, however, give larger space to the first Bishop of Saskatchewan, John MacLean.

**BISHOP MACLEAN**—was consecrated on May 3, 1874, and took over the vast territory to supervise and to organize it for Christ. The boundless extent of the new Diocese is happily suggested by the humorous incident which occurred when the Bishop was in England seeking funds for his work. A person asked him, "Where is the Diocese of Saskatchewan and how large is it?" The Bishop replied, "The Diocese of Saskatchewan is in Western Canada; it is bounded on the east by the Province of Manitoba, on the West by the Province of British Columbia at the summit of the Rocky Mountains, on the south by the International boundary line between Canada and the United States, and on the north by the Aurora Borealis and world without end."

It is interesting to recall that Bishop MacLean also helped to link east and west together, in those remote days when intercourse was infrequent and unofficial. Though a native of Scotland, he had been ordained by Bishop Cronyn, and at the time of his call to the West was curate of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, in a Diocese to which the whole Canadian Church, and particularly that of Western Canada owes so much, not only for its generous financial help but for the life work of its present Dean, the Very Rev. L. Norman Tucker, and for the great ability and consecrated devotion of the late Archbishop Williams.

The details, however, of MacLean's life and work cannot enter here. But the closing scene of his life is so picturesque and heroic that it may not be omitted from this lecture. It runs as follows:—

"It was while on one of his long journeys in the interests of the work that he met with the injury which caused his early death. He left Prince Albert soon after the meeting of his last Diocesan Synod in the month of August, 1886, for the purpose of visiting the missions in the western portion of his Diocese, going as far as Calgary and Edmonton. Having finished his work there, he prepared for the return journey homeward. As he and those with him in the democrat waggon were going down the steep hill at Edmonton, the horses became unmanageable, plunging about until they overturned the vehicle. The Bishop was thrown out violently, sustaining very severe internal injuries. He was taken back into the Fort, where he received all possible care and treatment. It became apparent after some days that the injuries were of a nature that might terminate fatally. The Bishop, knowing this, determined to make a final effort to reach his home in Prince Albert, where his family resided. To drive overland was out of the question, as he could not possibly stand the jolting of the waggon for a distance of some five hundred miles, and there was no railway nearer than two hundred miles to either Edmonton or Prince Albert. Only one possible way remained, and that was to float down the North Saskatchewan River, which flows past both places. It was decided to make the attempt. A small boat was procured and fitted up so that a bed for the Bishop could be made in it. Thus equipped, and in company with one of his sons and two hired men, the Bishop embarked and started on his five-hundred-mile voyage down the

river, on his last journey. It was the month of October. The days were not very warm and the nights were cold. The Bishop suffered considerable discomfort on the voyage, especially owing to his enfeebled condition, but the feeling that each evening they were a day's march nearer home helped to buoy him up. They travelled early and late, a lonely voyage without a settlement to vary the monotony until they reached Battleford, two-thirds of the journey accomplished. Here they procured some necessary comforts and supplies and resumed the voyage. In due time they arrived at the landing place in Prince Albert. With a thankful heart and expressions of sincere gratitude to God, the Bishop was quickly conveyed to the care and comfort of his own house—home once more, for a short while. The best medical advice available was speedily procured. All was done for him that human love and kindness could do, but it soon became evident that the injuries he had received, aggravated as they were by the cold and discomforts of the voyage down the river at that time of year, were more than even his rugged constitution could combat successfully; and although he appeared to rally somewhat at the first, he gradually became weaker until at length God called him to his long home, and that valiant soldier and servant of Christ laid aside his armour on Sunday morning, the 7th of November, 1886, at the early age of fifty-eight years."

"There is an old log Church, still standing, I believe, a mile or two west of the present city of Prince Albert—The Bishop's body lies there, buried under the shadow of its walls."

**BISHOP BOMPAS**—Great men intrude themselves in this study of ours. The stage of the mind is crowded with them. Picture for example, the rude Chancel of St. John's Cathedral, with the Provincial Synod assembled for Divine Service. It is the time of the Sermon: he who stands in the pulpit is no less a person than Bishop Whipple; yonder in his Episcopal chair—Bishop Machray, an attentive listener; opposite him across the chancel sit Horden and MacLean; and another Bishop is just leaving the scene—it is Bompas. He must make haste to his distant Diocese of Athabasca. Not by aeroplane, nor by railway, nor by motor car can he travel. Slowly he makes his way down the Red River, over the long stretches of Lake Winnipeg, up the windings of the Saskatchewan and on to the vast lakes and powerful rivers of the north. For the time being he will live at Fort Simpson, and his eye will wander far and wide over the snowy and icy regions where the silence of the night is broken only by the yelp of the fox, the whining of the wolf, and the cry of the untutored savage for the Bread of Life. Hunter and Kirkby, McDonald and Garrioch had taken the Gospel to those regions, but there was no Bishop among them.

Then Bompas came, the first to wear the episcopal robes of our Church in this wilderness and solitary place. Great was he in every regard, in stature, in mind, in scholarship, and greater still in his consecration to Christ, and in his limitless self-sacrifice for the Indians entrusted to his care.

Again there is neither time nor space for the inviting study of one whose life and labours would enrich any Church or any cause; again we must refer the enquirer for further knowledge to Archdeacon H. A. Cody's splendid sketch of Bompas in the "*Leaders of the Canadian*



*Church.*" For ourselves we shall stand with uncovered heads a moment, as we look on the final scene of this great man's career as told in that sketch.

"Sitting on a box, as was his custom, he began the sermon which proved to be his last. Presently the pen stopped; the hand that so often guided it was to do no more. Near him was one of his flock, an Indian girl, who needed some attention, and as he rose, he leaned his elbow on a pile of boxes. And while standing there the great call came; the hand of God touched him, and the body which had endured so much fell forward. When help reached his side a few minutes later, the Indian girl was holding his head in her lap. Nothing could be done, and without struggle, without one word of farewell, the brave soul passed forth to a higher life."

"There is a humble grave in one of the loveliest and most secluded spots in the Yukon Territory. Dark pine forests guard that grave. During the winter months pure untrodden snow covers it. It is enclosed by a rough fence made of fir-wood, which an Indian woodman cut down and trimmed, leaving the bark on, and then fixed strong and stable around the grave. But none will disturb that spot; no foot of man or beast will dishonour it; the sweet notes of the Canadian robin and the merry chirp of the snow-bird are almost the only sounds which break the silence of that sacred place. The Indians love that grave; the mission children visit it at times with soft steps and hushed voices, to lay some cross of wild flowers or evergreens upon it. There is a grey granite headstone with the words 'In the peace of Christ', and the name of him who rests beneath. It is the grave of Bishop Bompas."

And so it is, graves by the northern sea, graves by the Red River, graves by the far Saskatchewan, graves under the northern stars, graves everywhere—the price good men have paid to give our Church to Western Canada. And shall we call it a sacrifice to restore the lost funds?

**THE CHURCH OF TO-DAY**—To follow the main stream of our subject any further would be to lengthen out this study unwisely. I must, however, give one example of the great missionary dioceses of to-day now cultivating the soil once trod by the weary feet of a few missionaries.

Of these I choose for mention Qu'Appelle, as it were, to speak for all. Bishop Harding himself kindly and quickly furnished me with the following information:—

"There are now 30 self-supporting parishes in the diocese, 252 churches, 105 priests and deacons, and 70 lay readers, serving 440 centres, where the services and sacraments of the Church are provided. The number of our Sunday School children, including the children discovered by Miss Hasell's Sunday School Caravans and served by the Diocesan Sunday School by Post, is 10,000. The Church population of the Diocese is approximately between sixty and seventy thousand and the communicants 11,000. The Indian work includes Gordon's Indian Residential School with 120 boys and girls in residence; an Indian Day School at Fishing Lake with resident teachers and priest, and a beautiful Indian Church; an Indian Day School on Day Star's Reserve with a resident priest and teacher and well appointed Indian Church; and an Indian Day School and Church on Keyes Reserve, with a resident teacher and a

visiting priest. These Indian Day Schools are comparatively small, serving from 12 to 20 Indian children apiece.

On the Cathedral site here in Regina we have our Diocesan College of St. Chad's, and our Diocesan School for Girls, with from 50 to 60 pupils, and the Fellowship of the Maple Leaf Hostel which provides a Church home for between 20 to 30 teachers in training for our public schools. On this same site is also to be found the Synod House and Office and the Bishop's residence. Near by the Cathedral site is St. Christopher's House, the headquarters of our Sunday School by Post. At Indian Head the Diocese also provides the Brassey Hostel as a temporary home for British boys. More than 300 British boys have found a home in this Hostel during the last three years.

It is difficult to describe the condition of affairs as they exist throughout the Diocese at the present time. Four successive droughts have exhausted the resources of thousands of Church people in the Diocese and we are at our wits end to know how to provide food and clothing and locomotion, for that is about all they ask, for our scores of devoted missionaries serving on the prairie.

The situation created by famine conditions during the past three years in the greater part of Southern Saskatchewan is unprecedentedly disappointing, difficult and sad. Indeed, without generous assistance during the next year from without the diocese, scores of our hard won missions must be closed and hundreds of hard-up, scattered and isolated settlers will be left as sheep without a shepherd. For forty-nine years successive Bishops and clergy have been endeavouring year by year to raise a Diocesan Clergy Sustentation Fund with a measure of success. From this Fund, which now reaches close on \$100,000. grants are made from the interest thereon to pioneer, partially organized, poor and scattered missions. With a Sustentation Fund of \$300,000. the Church could care for the sheep and feed the lambs of the flock as well as seek for those who are living in sin and without the means of grace."

**AN APPEAL**—We may not at this time call into living memory any more of the great men who have won for our Church an honoured place in the national life of Western Canada—they are too great a company for our space of time—only God can see them all at once and fix the value each has been to the Cause which is now challenged. It is enough for us to remember that the holy dead are not apart from us, nor are they disinterested spectators of our plight. They are near, they inspire, they are God's far-darting messengers sent to our support. Truly it is not the Cause which is on trial in Canada to-day; we are on trial. Every one of us is under test for the impending battle.

Nor shall I speak in detail of the great Present in the Western Church, which is the consequence of the great Past. I might point to the results of these men's efforts in the life of every diocese on the great prairies and in the northern regions of our country. I might say we are strong in devoted Bishops, in consecrated clergy, in countless laymen, in multitudes of children and noble women. I might say, Behold our strength!, but I will not. I will not number the hosts of the Lord, for it is not God's way. It is His to save by many or by few: I would but draw back the clouds that we might see the innumerable chariots and horsemen of the Lord of Hosts.

And were I to sketch a map of the vastness of the field or the far-stretching battle line, it might discourage. It would indeed cause our hearts to fail could we see the entrenched might of the foe. I would only utter this one word, as with my last breath—*Think God* and go forward; *think Christ* and carry your own cross; *think* of the all-empowering *Spirit* of God the Father and the Son, by which the feeble men, who forsook and fled on Good Friday, lifted up the banner of the Crucified against a world which sprang to arms at the word of Cæsar.

The battle of the Church in the West is a challenge to the Church of all Canada, and nobly she will answer it. And as the struggle is joined let us keep the issue clear. The issue is not of money—but of ideals, of duty, of privilege, of national emergency and of dire need. Our Church calls *to* men, and women, and children, *for* men, and women, and children in their distress.

Churchmen! let us resolve that the Church of our Fathers shall not pass out of the land and life of our children.

(The quotations in this booklet are principally from the writer's *John West, Leaders of the Canadian Church* (second series), and also in *What Our Church Stands For*.)

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#### EDITOR'S NOTE—

Rupert's Land was named after Prince Rupert, the first Governor of "The Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay" (now the Hudson's Bay Company), to whom Charles II granted in 1670 one of the most comprehensive charters ever given by the Crown.

The Province of Rupert's Land covers a larger territory than our other three ecclesiastical provinces—Eastern Canada, Ontario and British Columbia—put together. It extends right across Canada from the entrance of Hudson Strait in the East to the boundary between Yukon and Alaska, which belongs to the United States, in the West. It includes the whole of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, Yukon and the North West Territories, as well as the most northerly parts of Ontario and Quebec. Within it fall all the dioceses, whose lost endowments the whole Church has undertaken to restore in full. The five northern missionary dioceses—Moosonee, Keewatin, Athabasca, Mackenzie River and Yukon—have suffered the loss of all their endowments. The Mother Diocese of Rupert's Land has lost three-fourths of its Episcopal Endowment Fund and the endowments of St. John's College, Winnipeg. These six dioceses together with Brandon, Qu'Appelle, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Calgary and Edmonton have suffered together the loss of the Provincial Beneficiary Funds.

The work of our Church in this vast territory began at the Red River Colony (now Winnipeg) and then extended to the south, the west, the north and the east.

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